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MRS. BARBAULD'S
HYMNS
FOR CHILDREN.

FIFTH EDITION WITH FIFTEEN PLATES
FROM NEW DESIGNS.

Psalm

14722
f. 109



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*Ellen David -
The gift of Mrs Lowery
18th April 1833*

14722 f. 109



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HYMNS IN PROSE

FOR

CHILDREN.

BY THE AUTHOR OF

LESSONS FOR CHILDREN.



THE TWENTY-THIRD EDITION,

WITH FIFTEEN CUTS.



LONDON:

PRINTED FOR BALDWIN, CRADOCK, AND JOY,
PATERNOSTER-ROW;
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1820.

1911 . . . 1911



C. Baldwin, Printer, .
New Bridge-street, London.

PREFACE.

Among the number of books composed for the use of children, though there are many, and some on a very rational plan, which unfold the system, and give a summary of the doctrines of religion, it would be difficult to find one calculated to assist them in the devotional part of it, except indeed Dr. Watts's Hymns for Children. These are in pretty general use; and the author is deservedly honoured for the condescension of

his Muse, which was very able to take a loftier flight. But it may well be doubted whether poetry ought to be lowered to the capacities of children, or whether they should not rather be kept from reading verse till they are able to relish good verse: for the very essence of poetry is an elevation in thought and style above the common standard; and if it wants this character, it wants all that renders it valuable.

The Author of these Hymns has therefore chosen to give them in prose. They are intended to

be committed to memory, and recited. And it will probably be found that the measured prose in which such pieces are generally written, is nearly as agreeable to the ear as a more regular rhythmus. Many of these Hymns are composed in alternate parts, which will give them something of the spirit of social worship.

The peculiar design of this publication is to impress devotional feelings as early as possible on the infant mind; fully convinced, as the author is, that they cannot be impressed too soon,

and that a child, to feel the full force of the idea of God, ought never to remember the time when he had no such idea—to impress them, by connecting religion with a variety of sensible objects, with all that he sees, all he hears, all that affects his young mind with wonder or delight; and thus by deep, strong, and permanent associations to lay the best foundation for practical devotion in future life. For he who has early been accustomed to see the Creator in the visible appearances of all around him, to feel his continual presence, and lean upon

his daily protection—though his religious ideas may be mixed with many improprieties, which his correcter reason will refine away—has made large advances towards that habitual piety, without which religion can scarcely regulate the conduct, and will never warm the heart.

A. L. B.

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HYMNS IN PROSE

FOR

CHILDREN.



I will praise God with my voice, though I am
but a little child.

COME, let us praise God,
for he is exceeding great ;

B

let us bless God, for he is very good.

He made all things; the sun to rule the day, the moon to shine by night.

He made the great whale, and the elephant; and the little worm that crawleth on the ground.

The little birds sing praises to God, when they warble sweetly in the green shade.

The brooks and rivers praise God, when they mur-

mur melodiously amongst the
smooth pebbles.

I will praise God with my
voice; for I may praise him,
though I am but a little
child.

A few years ago, and I was
a little infant, and my tongue
was dumb within my mouth:

And I did not know the
great name of God, for my
reason was not come unto
me.

But now I can speak, and
my tongue shall praise him:

I can think of all his kindness, and my heart shall love him.

Let him call me, and I will come unto him : let him command, and I will obey him.

When I am older, I will praise him better ; and I will never forget God, so long as my life remaineth in me.

HYMN II.



Come let us go forth into the fields.

COME, let us go forth into
the fields, let us see how the
flowers spring, let us listen
to the warbling of the birds,
and sport ourselves upon the
new grass.

The winter is over and gone, the buds come out upon the trees, the crimson blossoms of the peach and the nectarine are seen, and the green leaves sprout.

The hedges are bordered with tufts of primroses, and yellow cowslips that hang down their heads; and the blue violet lies hid beneath the shade.

The young goslings are running upon the green, they are just hatched, their bo-

dies are covered with yellow down; the old ones hiss with anger if any one comes near.

The hen sits upon her nest of straw, she watches patiently the full time, then she carefully breaks the shell, and the young chickens come out.

The lambs just dropt are in the field, they totter by the side of their dams, their young limbs can hardly support their weight.

If you fall, little lambs, you will not be hurt; there is spread under you a carpet of soft grass ; it is spread on purpose to receive you.

The butterflies flutter from bush to bush, and open their wings to the warm sun.

The young animals of every kind are sporting about, they feel themselves happy, they are glad to be alive,—they thank him that has made them alive.

They may thank him in their hearts, but we can thank him with our tongues ; we are better than they, and can praise him better.

The birds can warble and the young lambs can bleat, but we can open our lips in his praise, we can speak of all his goodness.

Therefore we will thank him for ourselves, and we will thank him for those that cannot speak.

Trees that blossom and

little lambs that skip about,
if you could, you would say
how good he is ; but you
are dumb, we will say it for
you.

We will not offer you in
sacrifice, but we will offer
sacrifice for you, on every
hill, and in every green field,
we will offer the sacrifice of
thanksgiving, and the in-
cense of praise.

HYMN III.



Behold the shepherd of the flock.

BEHOLD the shepherd
of the flock, he taketh care
for his sheep, he leadeth
them among clear brooks,
he guideth them to fresh pas-

ture : if the young lambs are weary, he carrieth them in his arms ; if they wander, he bringeth them back.

But who is the shepherd's Shepherd ? who taketh care for him ? who guideth him in the path he should go ? and, if he wander, who shall bring him back ?

God is the shepherd's Shepherd. He is the Shepherd over all ; he taketh care for all ; the whole earth is his fold ; we are all his flock ; and

every herb, and every green field is the pasture which he hath prepared for us.

The mother loveth her little child ; she bringeth it up on her knees ; she nourisheth its body with food ; she feedeth its mind with knowledge ; if it is sick, she nurseth it with tender love ; she watcheth over it when asleep ; she forgetteth it not for a moment ; she teacheth it how to be good ; she rejoiceth daily in its growth.

But who is the parent of the mother? who nourisheth her with good things, and watcheth over her with tender love, and remembereth her every moment? Whose arms are about her to guard her from harm? and if she is sick, who shall heal her?

God is the parent of the mother; he is the parent of all, for he created all. All the men, and all the women who are alive in the wide world, are his children; he

loveth all, he is good to all. —

The king governeth his people; he hath a golden crown upon his head, and the royal sceptre is in his hand; he sitteth upon a throne, and sendeth forth his demands; his subjects fear before him; if they do well, he protecteth them from danger; and if they do evil, he punisheth them. —

But who is the Sovereign of the king? who command-

eth him what he must do?
whose hand is reached out to
protect him from danger?
and if he doeth evil, who shall
punish him?

God is the sovereign of the
king; his crown is of rays
of light, and his throne is
amongst the stars. He is
King of kings, and Lord of
lords: if he biddeth us live,
we live; and if he biddeth
us die, we die: his dominion
is over all worlds, and the
light of his countenance is
upon all his works.

God is our Shepherd,
therefore we will follow him;
God is our Father, therefore
we will love him; God is
our King, therefore we will
obey him. *Repeated*

HYMN IV.

The lion is strong ; but He that made the lion is
stronger than he.

COME, and I will show
you what is beautiful. It
is a rose fully blown. See
how she sits upon her mossy
stem, like the queen of all

the flowers! her leaves glow like fire: the air is filled with her sweet odour! she is the delight of every eye.

She is beautiful, but there is a fairer than she. He that made the rose is more beautiful than the rose; he is all lovely; he is the delight of every heart. —

I will show you what is strong. The lion is strong; when he raiseth up himself from his lair, when he shaketh his mane, when the voice of

his roaring is heard, the cattle of the field fly, and the wild beasts of the desert hide themselves, for he is very terrible.

The lion is strong, but he that made the lion is stronger than he : his anger is terrible : he could make us die in a moment, and no one could save us out of his hand. —

I will show you what is glorious. The sun is glorious. When he shineth in

the clear sky, when he sitteth on the bright throne in the heavens, and looketh abroad over all the earth, he is the most excellent and glorious creature the eye can behold.

The sun is glorious, but he that made the sun is more glorious than he. The eye beholdeth him not, for his brightness is more dazzling than we could bear. He seeth in all dark places ; by night as well as by day ;

and the light of his countenance is over all his works.

Who is this great name, and what is he called, that my lips may praise him?

This great name is **GOD**. He made all things, but he is himself more excellent than all which he hath made: they are beautiful, but he is beauty; they are strong, but he is strength; they are perfect, but he is perfection.

HYMN V.



As the mother stilleth every little noise.

THE glorious sun is set in
the west; the night dews fall;
and the air, which was sultry,
becomes cool.

The flowers fold up their

coloured leaves; they fold themselves up, and hang their heads on the slender stalk.

The chickens are gathered under the wing of the hen, and are at rest; the hen herself is at rest also.

The little birds have ceased their warbling, they are asleep on the boughs, each one with his head behind his wing.

There is no murmur of bees around the hive, or among

the honeyed woodbines ; they have done their work, and lie close in their waxen cells.

The sheep rest upon their soft fleeces, and their loud bleating is no more heard amongst the hills.

There is no sound of a number of voices, or of children at play, or the tramping of busy feet, and of people hurrying to and fro.

The smith's hammer is not heard upon the anvil ; nor the harsh saw of the carpenter.

All men are stretched on their quiet beds ; and the child sleeps upon the breast of its mother.

Darkness is spread over the skies, and darkness is upon the ground ; every eye is shut, and every hand is still.

Who taketh care of all people when they are sunk in sleep ; when they cannot defend themselves, nor see if danger approacheth ?

There is an eye that never sleepeth ; there is an eye that

seeth in dark night as well
as in the bright sunshine.

When there is no light of
the sun, nor of the moon;
when there is no lamp in the
house, nor any little star
twinkling through the thick
clouds; that eye seeth every
where, in all places, and
watcheth continually over all
the families of the earth.

The eye that sleepeth not
is God's; his hand is always
stretched out over us.

He made sleep to refresh

us when we are weary: he made night, that we might sleep in quiet.

As the mother moveth about the house with her finger on her lips, and stilleth every little noise, that her infant be not disturbed as she draweth the curtains around its bed, and shutteth out the light from its tender eyes; so God draweth the curtains of darkness around us; so he maketh all things to be hushed and still, that his

large family may sleep in peace.

**Labourers spent with toil,
and young children, and
every little humming insect,
sleep quietly, for God watch-
eth over you.**

**You may sleep, for he
never sleeps: you may close
your eyes in safety, for his
eye is always open to protect
you.**

**When the darkness is
passed away, and the beams
of the morning sun strike**

through your eyelids, begin
the day with praising God,
who hath taken care of you
through the night.

Flowers, when you open
again, spread your leaves,
and smell sweet to his praise.

Birds, when you awake,
warble your thanks amongst
the green boughs; sing to him
before you sing to your mates.

Let his praise be in our
hearts, when we lie down;
let his praise be in our lips,
when we awake.

HYMN VI.



Child of reason, whence comest thou?

CHILD of reason, whence
comest thou? What has
thine eye observed, and
whither has thy foot been
wandering?

I have been wandering

along the meadows, in the thick grass; the cattle were feeding around me, or reposing in the cool shade; the corn sprung up in the furrows; the poppy and the harebell grew among the wheat; the fields were bright with summer, and glowing with beauty.

Didst thou see nothing more? Didst thou observe nothing besides? Return again, child of reason, for there are greater things than *these*.

God was among the fields ;
and didst thou not perceive
him ? his beauty was upon
the meadows : his smiles en-
livened the sunshine.

I have walked through the
thick forest : the wind whis-
pered among the trees ; the
brook fell from the rocks with
a pleasant murmur ; the
squirrel leapt from bough to
bough : and the birds sung
to each other amongst the
branches.

Didst thou hear nothing

but the murmur of the brook? no whispers but the whispers of the wind? Return again, child of reason, for there are greater things than these.—God was amongst the trees; his voice sounded in the murmur of the water; his music warbled in the shade; and didst thou not attend?

I saw the moon rising behind trees; it was like a lamp of gold. The stars one after another appeared in the

clear firmament. Presently
I saw black clouds arise, and
roll towards the south; the
lightning streamed in thick
flashes over the sky; the
thunder growled at a dis-
tance; it came nearer, and
I felt afraid, for it was loud
and terrible.

Did thy heart feel no ter-
ror, but of the thunderbolt?
Was there nothing bright
and terrible but the lightning?
Return, O child of reason,
for there are greater things

than these.—God was in the storm, and didst thou not perceive him? His terrors were abroad, and did not thine heart acknowledge him?—God is in every place; he speaks in every sound we hear; he is seen in all that our eyes behold; nothing, O child of reason, is without God;—let God therefore be in all thy thoughts.

HYMN VII.



The shade is pleasant and cool.

Come, let us go into the
thick shade, for it is the
noon of day, and the sum-
mer sun beats hot upon our
heads.

The shade is pleasant and cool; the branches meet above our heads, and shut out the sun as with a green curtain; the grass is soft to our feet, and a clear brook washes the roots of the trees.

The sloping bank is covered with flowers; let us lie down upon it; let us throw our limbs on the fresh grass and sleep; for all things are still, and we are quite alone.

The cattle can lie down to sleep in the cool shade, but

we can do what is better;
we can raise our voices to
heaven; we can praise the
great God who made us. He
made the warm sun, and the
cool shade; the trees that
grow upwards, and the brooks
that run murmuring along.
All the things that we see are
his work.

Can we raise our voices
up to the high heaven? Can
we make him hear who is
above the stars? We need
not raise our voices to the

stars; for he heareth us when we only whisper; when we breathe out words softly with a low voice. He that filleth the heavens is here also.

May we that are so young speak to him that always was? May we, that can hardly speak plain, speak to God?

We that are so young are but lately made alive; therefore we should not forget his forming hand who hath

made us alive. We that cannot speak plain, should hiss out praises to him who teacheth us how to speak, and hath opened our dumb lips.

When we could not think of him, he thought of us ; before we could ask him to bless us, he had already given us many blessings.

He fashioneth our tender limbs, and causeth them to grow ; he maketh us strong, and tall, and nimble.

Every day we are more active than the former day, therefore every day we ought to praise him better than the former day.

The buds spread into leaves, and the blossoms swell to fruit; but they know not how they grow, nor who caused them to spring up from the bosom of the earth.

Ask them if they will tell thee; bid them break forth into singing, and

fill the air with pleasant sounds.

They smell sweet; they look beautiful; but they are quite silent: no sound is in the still air; no murmur of voices amongst the green leaves.

The plants and the trees are made to give fruit to man: but man is made to praise God who made him.

We love to praise him, because he loveth to bless us; we thank him for life,

because it is a pleasant thing to be alive.

We love God, who hath created all beings ; we love all beings, because they are the creatures of God.

We cannot be good, as God is good to all persons every where ; but we can rejoice that every where there is a God to do them good.

We will think of God when we play, and when we work ; when we walk out, and when we come in ;

**when we sleep, and when we
wake ; his praise shall dwell
continually upon our lips.**

HYMN VIII.



—his children run to meet him when he cometh home,
and his wife prepareth the wholesome meal.

SEE where stands the cot-
tage of the labourer cover-
ed with warm thatch ! the
mother is spinning at the
door ; the young children

sport before her on the grass; the elder ones learn to labour, and are obedient; the father worketh to provide them food: either he tilleth the ground, or he gathereth in the corn, or shaketh his ripe apples from the tree: his children run to meet him when he cometh home, and his wife prepareth the wholesome meal.

The father, the mother, and the children, make a family; the father is the mas-

ter thereof. If the family be numerous, and the grounds large, there are servants to help to do the work : all these dwell in one house ; they sleep beneath one roof ; they eat of the same bread ; they kneel down together and praise God every night and every morning with one voice ; they are very closely united, and are dearer to each other than any strangers. If one is sick they mourn together ; and if one

is happy, they rejoice together.

Many houses are built together; many families live near one another; they meet together on the green, and in pleasant walks, and to buy and sell, and in the house of justice: and the sound of the bell calleth them to the house of God, in company. If one is poor, his neighbour helpeth him; if he is sad, he comforteth him. This is a village; see where

it stands enclosed in a green shade, and the tall spire peeps above the trees. If there be very many houses, it is a town; it is governed by a magistrate.

Many towns, and a large extent of country, make a kingdom; it is enclosed by mountains; it is divided by rivers; it is washed by seas; the inhabitants thereof are countrymen; they speak the same language; they make war and peace together;

a king is the ruler thereof.

Many kingdoms and countries full of people, and islands, and large continents, and different climates, make up this whole world—God governeth it. The people swarm upon the face of it like ants upon a hillock ; some are black with the hot sun ; some cover themselves with furs against the sharp cold ; some drink of the fruit of the vine ; some the

pleasant milk of the cocoa-
nut ; and others quench
their thirst with the running
stream.

All are God's family ; he
knoweth every one of them,
as a shepherd knoweth his
flock ; they pray to him in
different languages, but he
understandeth them all ; he
heareth them all ; he taketh
care of all ; none are so great
that he cannot punish them ;
none are so mean, that he
will not protect them.

Negro woman, who sit-
test pining in captivity, and
weepest over thy sick child;
though no one seeth thee,
God seeth thee; though no
one pitieth thee, God pitieth
thee; raise thy voice, for-
lorn and abandoned one;
call upon him from amidst
thy bonds, for assuredly he
will hear thee.

Monarch, that rulest over
a hundred states; whose
frown is terrible as death,
and whose armies cover the
land, boast not thyself as

though there were none above thee :—God is above thee ; his powerful arm is always over thee ; and if thou doest ill, assuredly he will punish thee.

Nations of the earth, fear the Lord ; families of men, call upon the name of your God.

Is there any one whom God hath not made ? let him not worship him : is there any one whom he hath not blessed ? let him not *praise him*.

HYMN IX.



Every painted flower hath a lesson written on its
leaves.

COME, let us walk abroad;
let us talk of the works of
God.

Take up a handful of the
sand; number the grains of

it; tell them one by one into your lap.

Try if you can count the blades of grass in the field, or the leaves on the trees.

You cannot count them, they are innumerable; much more the things which God has made.

The fir groweth on the high mountain, and the grey willow bends above the stream.

The thistle is armed with sharp prickles, the mallow is soft and woolly.

The hop layeth hold with
her tendrils, and claspeth
the tall pole; the oak hath
firm root in the ground,
and resisteth the winter
storm.

The daisy enamelleth the
meadows, and groweth be-
neath the foot of the passen-
ger: the tulip asketh a rich
soil, and the careful hand of
the gardener.

The iris and the reed spring
up in the marsh; the rich
grass covereth the meadows;

and the purple heath-flower
enliveneth the waste ground.

The water lilies grow beneath the stream; their broad leaves float on the surface of the water: the wall-flower takes root in the hard stone, and spreads its fragrance amongst broken ruins.

Every leaf is of a different form; every plant hath a separate inhabitant.

Look at the thorns that are white with blossoms, and the flowers that cover the

fields, and the plants that are trodden in the green path. The hand of man hath not planted them; the sower hath not scattered the seeds from his hand, nor the gardener digged a place for them with his spade.

Some grow on steep rocks, where no man can climb; in shaking bogs and deep forests, and desert islands: they spring up every where, and cover the bosom of the whole earth.

Who causeth them to grow every where, and bloweth the seeds about in winds, and mixeth them with the mould, and watereth them with soft rains, and cherisheth them with dews? Who fanneth them with the pure breath of heaven: and giveth them colours, and smells, and spreadeth out their thin transparent leaves?

How doth the rose draw its crimson from the dark brown earth, or the lily its


shining white? How can a small seed contain a plant? How doth every plant know its season to put forth? They are marshalled in order: each one knoweth his place, and standeth up in his own rank.

The snow-drop and the primrose make haste to lift their heads above the ground. When the spring cometh, they say, Here we are. The carnation waiteth for the full strength of the year; and

the hardy laurustinus cheereth the winter months.

Every plant produceth its like. An ear of corn will not grow from an acorn; nor will a grape-stone produce cherries; but every one springeth from its proper seed.

Who preserveth them alive through the cold of winter, when the snow is on the ground; and the sharp frost bites on the plain? Who soweth a small seed, and a



little warmth in the bosom of the earth, and causeth them to spring up afresh, and sap to rise through the hard fibres?

The trees are withered, naked, and bare; they are like dry bones. Who breatheth on them with the breath of spring, and they are covered with verdure, and green leaves sprout from the dead wood?

Lo, these are a part of his works; and a little portion of his wonders.

There is little need that
I should tell you of God,
for every thing speaks of
him.

Every field is like an open
book ; every painted flower
hath a lesson written on its
leaves.

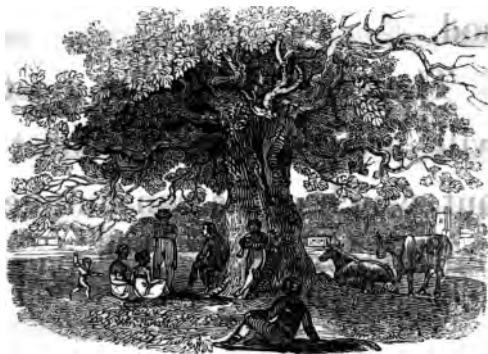
Every murmuring brook
hath a tongue ; a voice is in
every whispering wind.

They all speak of him who
made them ; they all tell us,
he is very good.

We cannot see God, for
he is invisible ; but we can

see his works, and worship
his footsteps in the green
sod.

They that know the most,
will praise God the best ;
but which of us can number
half his works ?

HYMN X.

Look at that spreading oak.

Look at that spreading
oak, the pride of the village
green! its trunk is massy,
its branches are strong. Its
roots, like crooked fangs,

strike deep into the soil,
and support its huge bulk.
The birds build among the
boughs ; the cattle repose
beneath its shade : the neigh-
bours form groups beneath
the shelter of its green cano-
py. The old men point it
out to their children, but
they themselves remember
not its growth : generations
of men one after another
have been born and died,
and this son of the forest
has remained the same, de-

fyng the storms of two hundred winters.

Yet this large tree was once a little acorn; small in size, insignificant in appearance; such as you are now picking up upon the grass beneath it. Such an acorn, whose cup can only contain a drop or two of dew, contained the whole oak. All its massy trunk, all its knotted branches, all its multitude of leaves, were in that acorn; it grew, it spread, it unfolded itself

by degrees, it received nourishment from the rain, and the dews, and the well adapted soil, but it was all there. Rain, and dews, and soil, could not raise an oak without the acorn; nor could they make the acorn any thing but an oak.

The mind of a child is like the acorn; its powers are folded up, they do not yet appear, but they are all there. The memory, the judgment, the invention, the

feeling of right and wrong,
are all in the mind of a
child ; of a little infant just
born ; but they are not ex-
panded, you cannot perceive
them.

Think of the wisest man
you ever knew or heard of ;
think of the greatest man ;
think of the most learned
man, who speaks a number
of languages and can find
out hidden things ; think of
a man who stands like that
tree, sheltering and protect-

ing a number of his fellow men, and then say to yourself, The mind of that man was once like mine, his thoughts were childish like my thoughts, nay, he was like the babe just born, which knows nothing, remembers nothing, which cannot distinguish good from evil, nor truth from falsehood.

If you had only seen an acorn, you could never guess at the form and size of an oak : if you had never con-

versed with a wise man, you could form no idea of him from the mute and helpless infant.

Instruction is the food of the mind ; it is like the dew and the rain and the rich soil. As the soil and the rain and the dew cause the tree to swell and put forth its tender shoots, so do books and study and discourse feed the mind, and make it unfold its hidden powers.

Cultivate, therefore, your own mind; receive the nurture of instruction, that the man within you may grow and flourish. You cannot guess how excellent he may become.

It was long before this oak showed its greatness; year after year passed away, and it had only shot a little way above the ground, a child might have plucked it up with his little hands; it was long before any one

called it a tree ; and it is long before the child becomes a man.

The acorn might have perished in the ground, the young tree might have been shorn of its graceful boughs, the twig might have bent, and the tree would have been crooked ; but if it grew at all, it could have been nothing but an oak, it would not have been grass or flowers, which live their season and then perish from the face of the earth.

The child may be a foolish man, he may be a wicked man, but he must be a man; his nature is not that of any inferior creature, his soul is not akin to the beasts which perish.

O cherish then this precious mind, feed it with truth, nourish it with knowledge; it comes from God, it is made in his image: the oak will last for centuries of years, but the mind of man is made for immortality.

**Respect in the infant the
future man. Destroy not in
the man the rudiments of an
angel.**

HYMN XI.



Lift up thine eyes, child of earth, for God hath given
thee a glimpse of heaven.

THE golden orb of the sun
is sunk behind the hills, the
colours fade away from the
western sky, and the shades of
evening fall fast around me.

Deeper and deeper they stretch over the plain ; I look at the grass, it is no longer green ; the flowers are no more tinted with various hues ; the houses, the trees, the cattle, are all lost in the distance. The dark curtain of night is let down over the works of God ; they are blotted out from the view, as if they were no longer there.

Child of little observation !
canst thou see nothing be-
cause thou canst not see.

grass and flowers, trees and cattle? Lift up thine eyes from the ground shaded with darkness, to the heavens that are stretched over thy head; see how the stars one by one appear and light up the vast concave.

There is the moon bending her bright horns like a silver bow, and shedding her mild light, like liquid silver, over the blue firmament.

There is Venus, the evening and the morning star; and the Pleiades, and the

**Bear that never sets, and the
Pole star that guides the ma-
riner over the deep.**

**Now the mantle of dark-
ness is over the earth ; the
last little gleam of twilight
is faded away ; the lights are
extinguished in the cottage
windows, but the firmament
burns with innumerable fires ;
every little star twinkles in
its place. If you begin to
count them they are more
than you can number ; they
are like the sands of the sea
shore.**

The telescope shows you far more, and there are thousands and ten thousands of stars which no telescope has ever reached.

Now Orion heaves his bright shoulder above the horizon, and Sirius, the dog-star, follows him, the brightest of the train.


Look at the milky way, it is a field of brightness; its pale light is composed of myriads of burning suns.

All these are God's fami-

lies; he gives the sun to shine with a ray of his own glory; he marks the path of the planets, he guides their wanderings through the sky, and traces out their orbit with the finger of his power.

If you were to travel as swift as an arrow from a bow, and to travel on further and further still, for millions of years, you would not be out of the creation of God.

New suns in the depth of space would still be burn-



ing round you, and other planets fulfilling their appointed course.

Lift up thine eyes, child of earth, for God has given thee a glimpse of heaven.

The light of one sun is withdrawn, that thou mayest see ten thousand. Darkness is spread over the earth, that thou mayest behold, at a distance, the regions of eternal day.

This earth has a variety of inhabitants ; the sea, the

air, the surface of the ground, swarm with creatures of different natures, sizes, and powers :—to know a very little of them is to be wise among the sons of men.

What, then, thinkest thou, are the various forms, and natures, and senses, and occupations of the peopled universe?

Who can tell the birth and generations of so many worlds? who can relate their histories? who can describe *their inhabitants?*

Canst thou measure infinity with a line? canst thou grasp the circle of infinite space?

Yet these all depend upon God, they hang upon him as a child upon the breast of its mother: he tempereth the heat to the inhabitant of Mercury; he provideth resources against the cold in the frozen orb of Saturn. Doubt not that he provideth for all beings that he has made.

Look at the moon when

it walketh in brightness;
gaze at the stars when they
are marshalled in the firma-
ment, and adore the Maker
of so many worlds.

HYMN XII.



It is now winter, dead winter.

It is now Winter, dead Winter. Desolation and silence reign in the fields, no singing of birds is heard, no humming of insects. The

streams murmur no longer ;
they are locked up in frost.

The trees lift their naked
boughs like withered arms
into the bleak sky, the green
sap no longer rises in their
veins ; the flowers and the
sweet-smelling shrubs are
decayed to their roots.

The sun himself looks cold
and cheerless ; he gives light
only enough to show the uni-
versal desolation.

Nature, child of God,
mourns for her children.

A little while ago, and she rejoiced in her offspring: the rose shed its perfume upon the gale; the vine gave its fruit; her children were springing and blooming around her, on every lawn and every green bank.

O Nature, beautiful Nature, beloved child of God, why dost thou sit mourning and desolate? Has thy father forsaken thee, has he left thee to perish? Art thou no longer the object of his care?

He has not forsaken thee,
O Nature; thou art his be-
loved child, the eternal image
of his perfections; his own
beauty is spread over thee,
the light of his countenance
is shed upon thee.

Thy children shall live
again, they shall spring up
and bloom around thee; the
rose shall again breathe its
sweetness on the soft air,
and from the bosom of the
ground verdure shall spring
forth.

And dost thou not mourn,

**O Nature, for thy human
births; for thy sons and thy
daughters that sleep under
the sod; and shall not they
also revive? Shall the rose
and the myrtle bloom anew,
and shall man perish? Shall
goodness sleep in the ground,
and the light of wisdom be
quenched in the dust, and
shall tears be shed over them
in vain?**

**They also shall live; their
winter shall pass away; they
shall bloom again. The tears**

**of thy children shall be dried
up when the eternal year pro-
ceeds. Oh come that eter-
nal year !**

HYMN XIII.



Therefore do I weep because Death is in the world.

CHILD of mortality, whence
comest thou? why is thy
countenance sad, and why
are thine eyes red with weep-
ing?

I have seen the rose in its beauty; it spread its leaves to the morning sun—I returned, it was dying upon its stalk; the grace of the form of it was gone; its loveliness was vanished away; the leaves thereof were scattered on the ground, and no one gathered them again.

A stately tree grew on the plain; its branches were covered with verdure; its boughs spread wide and made a goodly shadow; the trunk was

like a strong pillar; the roots were like crooked fangs.—I returned, the verdure was nipt by the east wind; the branches were lopt away by the axe; the worm had made its way into the trunk, and the heart thereof was decayed; it mouldered away, and fell to the ground.

I have seen the insects sporting in the sun-shine, and darting along the streams; their wings glittered with gold and purple; their bodies

shone like the green emerald : they were more numerous than I could count ; their motions were quicker than my eye could glance.—I returned, they were brushed into the pool, they were perishing with the evening breeze ; the swallow had devoured them ; the pike had seized them ; there were none found of so great a multitude.

I have seen man in the pride of his strength ; his cheeks glowed with beauty ;

his limbs were full of activity; he leaped; he walked; he ran; he rejoiced in that he was more excellent than those. I returned, he lay stiff and cold on the bare ground; his feet could no longer move, nor his hands stretch themselves out; his life was departed from him; and the breath out of his nostrils:—therefore do I weep because DEATH is in the world; the spoiler is among the works of God: all that

is made, must be destroyed ;
 all that is born, must die ;
 let me alone, for I will weep
 yet longer.

HYMN XIV.



Who is He that cometh to burst open the prison doors
of the tomb?

I HAVE seen the flower
withering on the stalk, and
its bright leaves spread on
the ground.—I looked again,
and it sprung forth afresh ;

the stem was crowned with new buds, and the sweetness thereof filled the air.

I have seen the sun set in the west, and the shades of night shut in the wide horizon ; there was no colour, nor shape, nor beauty, nor music ; gloom and darkness brooded around—I looked, the sun broke forth again from the east, he gilded the mountain tops ; the lark rose to meet him from her low nest, and the shade of darkness fled away.

I have seen the insect,
 being come to its full size,
 languish and refuse to eat;
 it spun itself a tomb, and
 was shrouded in the silken
 cone; it lay without feet,
 or shape, or power to move.
 I looked again, it had burst
 its tomb: it was full of
 life, and sailed on coloured
 wings through the soft air;
 it rejoiced in its new
 being.

Thus shall it be with thee,
 O man! and so shall thy life
 be renewed.

**Beauty shall spring up
out of ashes ; and life out of
the dust.**

**A little while shalt thou
lie in the ground, as the seed
lieth in the bosom of the
earth ; but thou shalt be
raised again ; and, if thou
art good, thou shalt never
die any more.**

**Who is He that cometh to
burst open the prison doors
of the tomb ; to bid the dead
awake, and to gather his re-
deemed from the four winds
of heaven ?**

He descendeth on a fiery cloud; the sound of a trumpet goeth before him; thousands of angels are on his right hand.

It is Jesus, the Son of God; the Saviour of men; the friend of the good.

He cometh in the glory of his Father; he hath received power from on high.

Mourn not, therefore, child of immortality;—for the spoiler, the cruel spoiler, that laid waste the works of God,

is subdued: Jesus hath con-
quered death: child of im-
mortality! mourn no longer.

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April 1891 - 1st Meeting

4470, 5070, 5080, 5090, 5100

and the following instructions:

with religious laws and religious

„Ich bin nicht ein großer Herr!“

HYMN XV.



That happy land is our home.

THE rose is sweet, but it
is surrounded with thorns;
the lily of the valley is fra-
grant, but it springeth up
amongst the brambles.

The spring is pleasant,
but it is soon past: the summer is bright, but the winter destroyeth the beauty thereof.

The rainbow is very glorious, but it soon vanisheth away: life is good, but it is quickly swallowed up in death.

There is a land where the roses are without thorns, where the flowers are not mixed with brambles.

In that land, there is eter-

nal spring, and light without any cloud.

The tree of life groweth in the midst thereof; rivers of pleasures are there, and flowers that never fade.

Myriads of happy spirits are there, and surround the throne of God with a perpetual hymn.

The angels with their golden harps sing praises continually, and the cherubim fly on wings of fire.

This country is heaven ; it

is the country of those that
are good ; and nothing that
is wicked must inhabit there.

The toad must not spit its
venom amongst turtle doves :
nor the poisonous henbane
grow amongst sweet flowers.

Neither must any one that
doeth ill enter into that good
land.

This earth is pleasant ; for
it is God's earth, and it is
filled with many delightful
things.

But that country is far

**better : there we shall not
grieve any more, nor be sick
any more, nor do wrong any
more; there the cold of win-
ter shall not wither us, nor
the heats of summer scorch
us.**

**In that country there are
no wars nor quarrels, but all
love one to another with dear
love.**

**When our parents and
friends die, and are laid in
the cold ground, we see them
here no more; but there we**

shall embrace them again,
and live with them, and be
separated no more.

There we shall meet all
good men, whom we read of
in holy books.

There we shall see Abra-
ham, the called of God, the
father of the faithful; and
Moses, after his long wan-
derings in the Arabian de-
sert; and Elijah, the pro-
phet of God; and Daniel,
who escaped the lion's den;
and there the son of Jesse,

the shepherd king, the sweet singer of Israel.

They loved God on earth ;
they praised him on earth ;
but in that country they will
praise him better, and love
him more.

There we shall see Jesus,
who is gone before us to that
happy place ; and there we
shall behold the glory of the
high God.

We cannot see him here,
but we will love him here ;
we must be now on earth,

but we will often think on
Heaven.

That happy land is our
home; we are to be here but
for a little while, and there
for ever; even for ages of
eternal years.



THE END.







